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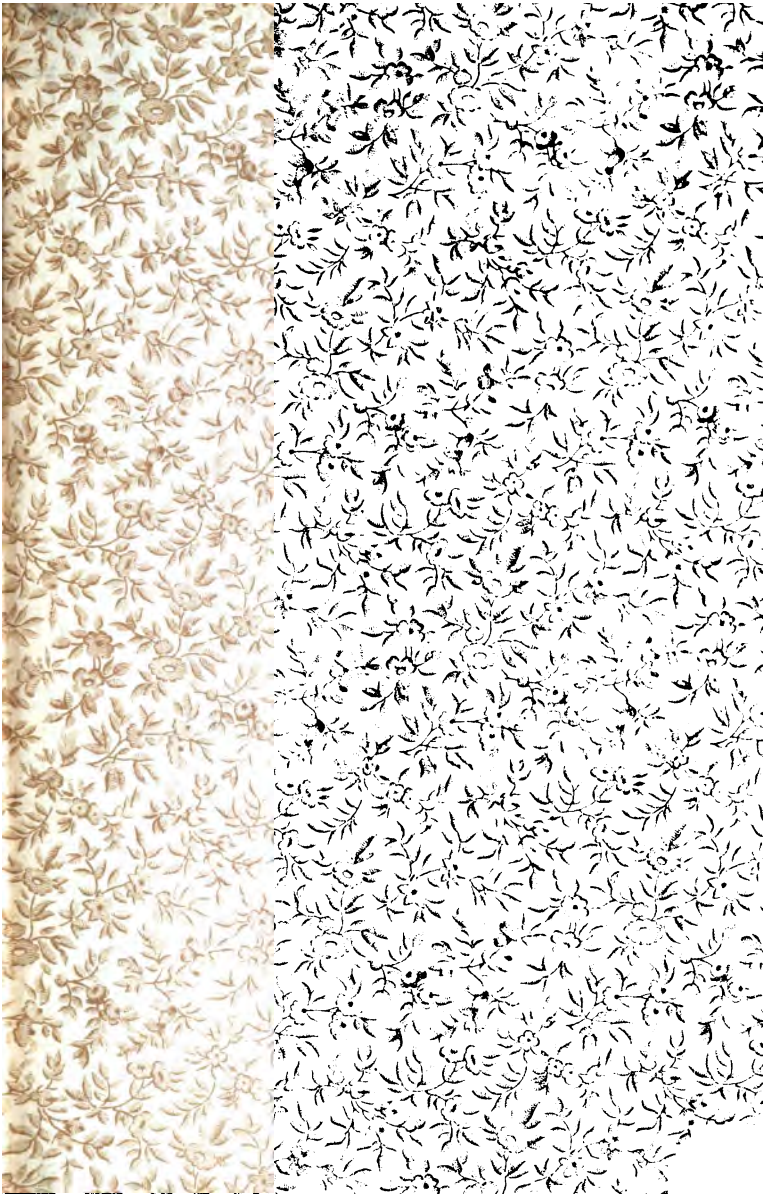

V
I. Poetry, American

NBI
Lilian

MAY BLOSSOMS

BY

LILIAN

NEW YORK & LONDON
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
The Knickerbocker Press
1890

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
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The Knickerbocker Press, New York
Electrotyped, Printed, and Bound by
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TO

MY BELOVED GRANDMA

WHO IS NOW

AN ANGEL IN HEAVEN

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED

BY

HER BEREAVED LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER.

MAY IT RECEIVE HER BLESSING.

WQR 19FEB'36

PREFACE.

A FEW words in explanation of the method and purpose of this little volume may not be out of place.

No claim is made for it—that it is of surpassing excellence, or that it is perfect in form or expression. Many of the poems were dictated when the child-author was but seven years of age, before she could read or write.

The strangeness of it consists in the fact that her immature mind could not fully comprehend the meaning of the words she uttered. That must be considered, therefore, an evidence of genuine inspiration and not merely the fruit of unusual precocity.

This volume is not issued for the purpose of inviting the criticism of those who judge of all art by rule and plummet.

No attempt has been made to correct, or polish, or change the expressions of the child, whose fine ear and sense of harmony detected at once any lack of rhythm or euphony in the words she uttered—so that she has always been her own most severe critic.

The tone and spirit of these verses are essentially pure, and elevating, and tender, always in the direction of the Good and the Beautiful. An intense love of nature is apparent in every verse, as well as the constant inculcation of devotion to duty and religious aspiration.

The poet is not always inspired—and if our little child-author sometimes falls below her highest and best, she remains still in the company of the brightest geniuses which have dazzled the world.

Even the great poet Tennyson did not always show himself equal to his greatest achievements, therefore all lesser lights may be excused for shortcomings.

W. T. V. Z.

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MAY BLOSSOMS.

TO GRANDMA IN HEAVEN.

DEAR Grandma, from thy happy home,
So free from sin and care,
Dost ever think of those who roam
In this world bleak and bare?

Dost thou not even from the height
Of the celestial towers,
Pray that one beam of hope and light
May cheer these hearts of ours?

Oh! for one glimpse of thy dear face,
One pressure of thy hand,
This world would be a better place,
Wert thou within the land.

Oh! for the tones of thy dear voice,
That once I loved to hear,
Far sweeter now would be the sound
Than music, to my ear.

That face is smiling far away,
In Heaven's glad halls of light,
That voice joins in the hymns of praise,
That echo day and night.

A golden harp within her hands,
Before the Great White Throne,
All clothed in white, my Grandma stands,
And pleads for us alone.

Never again to see thy face,
So placid and so mild,
The grave is now its resting-place,
Which always on me smiled.

Would I had wings to clear the space,
That severs me from thee,
And from the land where thou dost dwell,
For all eternity.

Yet, Grandma darling, 'though my grief
May never more depart,
Although there 'll be an aching void
Forever in my heart,

I would not have thee, if I could,
  Return to earth again,
This world of misery and sin,
  Of sickness and of pain.

I would not bring thee back again
  E'en if the power were given,
Because I know that thou art safe,
  And happy, up in Heaven.

No, I can only strive and pray,
  Through life's long dreary night,
Until at last th' eternal day,
  Shall dawn upon my sight.

When, severed from all earthly bands,
  My spirit is set free,
To enter in those happy lands,
  And dwell again with thee.

September 1, 1889.

THE VALLEY.

I WAS playing in a valley,
  Where the birdies chirped and sang,
And the echo of their voices
  Softly o'er the woodland rang.

Baby birds began to chirrup,
On this lovely sunny morn,
And at last began to flutter
In among the ears of corn.

Butterflies were in the valley,
Butterflies with painted wings,
Hovering o'er the pretty flowers,
Dancing 'round in sunny rings;
In this beautiful seclusion
Crystal water-falls abound,
And the soft and soothing murmur
Makes a sad yet lovely sound.

Lovely shells were in the valley,
White and red and brilliant blue;
And the flowers around the brooklet,
Had a bright and vivid hue,
And I spied some graceful flow'rets,
Like to tiny, snowy bells,
They were lilies of the valley,
Growing in those quiet dells.

THE SUNNY LAKE.

THE willows bend their graceful boughs,
Down to the waters green ;
The sun shines on the lake so fair,
It is a lovely scene !

Dew-drops, like diamonds, sparkle bright,
Beneath the sun's gold gaze,
And many lovely flowerets white,
Under its glittering rays.

The boats moored on the water's edge ;
The arbor on the shore ;
The vine-clad rock upon the hill,—
(And I have n't made any more.)

THE CYGNETS.

THE sun has set upon the sea,
The birds have ceased their song ;
The shadows fall upon the tree,
The swan she glides along.

The swan she glides to her abode
Upon the bank so still;
No sound disturbs the silence there
But the little running rill.

Her little children wait for her
Upon their nest of down;
They do not care for busy streets
Or for the noisy town.

They hide within the leafy wood
Beside the brook so blue;
They sang a little song about
The softly falling dew.

ZEPHYR.

BLOW, blow, scent-laden breeze,
Sighing amidst the beautiful trees,
Blow, blow, blow.
Exquisite zephyr fan me forever,
Blow, blow, blow.

Blow, blow, balmy air,
Filled with rose-leaves fragrant and fair;

Blow, blow, blow.
Snowy lilies look up and blush,
Blow, blow, blow.

Blow, blow, soft summer wind,
Rustling the little bird's plumage refined,
Blow, blow, blow.
Butterflies nestle in bright flower cups,
Blow, blow, blow.

Mischievous zephyr *stealing* the scent,
That the hyacinths to thee graciously *lent*,
Blow, blow, blow—
Making the flowerets bend before thee,
Blow, blow, blow.

'Mid the clustering leaves is a little bird's nest,
And the breeze lulls the tiny dove softly to rest,
Blow, blow, blow.
And the moon looks down so bright and round,
Blow, blow, blow.

Zephyr, wind, breeze, air,
Loaded with fragrance rich and rare,
Blow, blow, blow.
While the stars shine o'er that lovely vale,
Blow, blow, blow.

CLEOPATRA.

A BEAUTIFUL Empress was sailing in glory,
Adown the bright stream of the swift-flowing Nile,
And exquisite visions were ever before her,
And as she thought thus, a soft half-blushing smile

Illumined her face and played o'er her soft features;
And ne'er will you see such a lovely one more,
And many the altars they raised to her honor,
Along on the edge of the people-lined shore.

I saw brilliant birds hovering o'er the bright galley,
And beauteous flowers they there did abound;
A fountain of perfume threw out its sweet odor;
And softly toned music was heard all around.

The sky was as fair and as cloudless as summer,
The waves they were crested with snowy-tipped foam;
And sombre high mountains were seen in the distance,
As fair Cleopatra was sailing towards home.

THE FAWN.

I SAW a flock of little lambs
  Upon a flowery lawn,
And near them brown-eyed, shy and sweet,
  There skipped a little fawn.

Near by there climbed a graceful vine,
  Its perfume floated round,
And on it perched a mocking-bird,
  Who made a joyful sound.

A gorgeous peacock strutted past,
  Its tail it swept the ground,
And as it proudly walked along
  With just a single bound,

The fawn sprang from a neighboring field,
  Its step was light and free,
And its brown eyes were sparkling bright,
  As if in joyful glee.

It sprang along the verdant slope,
  Just past the flowery vine;
Now it leaped o'er a violet bed,
  Whose beauteous blossoms twine,

But 't was not with the peacock gay,
That she had aught to do,
For she had spied a fowler's net
And from it came a "coo";

A little dove was struggling there,
And made its plaintive wail,
The fawn she hastened to its aid,
Within that lovely dale.
The fawn she broke the cruel snare,
And set the birdie free,
She thanked her very graciously,
Then soared above the lea.

ACROSTIC.

My bird is robed in white and brown,
On his soft head there 's snowy down.
Come perch upon my hand!
King of all songsters, thy sweet tune
Is heard when rises the bright moon;
Now, when the sun is in the sky,
Go, pour forth thy sweet melody.

Build thy soft nest in climbing vine,
In the fair clustering leaves recline,
Rest in the weeping willow's shade,
Down by the brook thy home is made.

THE RAINBOW.

A BEAUTIFUL rainbow had formed its bright arch
Of exquisite gold and sky blue,
And I thought as I gazed on its delicate curves
That the bright color blue, it meant true.

'T was mirrored upon the smooth surface so fair,
Of the ocean whose glassy expanse
Lay in soft calm repose, till it seemed to touch sky;
And all nature appeared in a trance.

But a brilliant palace of lovely clouds
Is made by the sun in the west;
And the rainbow fades from the beauteous sky,
And the King of the day sinks to rest.

THE NESTLING'S SONG.

Composed at midnight during a severe illness.

I AM longing to spread my dewy pinions,
And soar in the air to heights unknown,
I would reach the sun in his blue dominions,
I would fly through clouds that in beauty shone.

I am longing to leave my nest in the bushes,
And view the world in its splendor rare;
And breathe my song o'er the tall green rushes,
That are fanned by the softly perfumed air.

I am longing when the bright sun is rising,
Over the brow of yonder hill,
And painting the sky with tints surprising,
To take my flight in the morning still.

THE BUTTERFLY.

I SAW a brilliant butterfly,
Floating beneath the summer sky,
Bright colors on its wings do shine,
Making them seem so silky fine.

Its body, of a snowy hue,
Lightly contrasts with wings of blue,
While a gold band so fair and bright,
Like glittering stone, each wing doth light.

Now, it alights upon a flower
Blooming within a mossy bower,
And sips the dew from its bright cup,
A dainty urn from which to sup.

Now, I approach with lifted hand,
I tremble, hold my breath, then stand;
Now, now, the fairy prize is mine,
Its glossy wings like jewels shine.

No, pretty creature, you may go
Home to the woods, where clear streams flow,
I fain would keep you, but good-by,
Go, bask in the warm summer sky.

I see you now aloft in air,
Soft zephyrs fan thy wings so fair,
That flash like jewels in the light,
But now, my beauteous pet, good-night.

A LITTLE GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

Now, while the dew-drops like silvery gems are
gleaming,
On grass, and leaf, and fruit, and flower, and
tree ;
Now, while the moon's fair rays are softly
beaming,
Then dearest, sweet, Mamma, oh ! think of
me.

Thou art lovelier far than moon, or stars, or
flowers,
Thine eyes are brilliant with a lustrous glow ;
And when thou sittest in thy summer bowers,
The perfume laden zephyrs 'round thee blow.

When fair moss-roses bloom they seem thy
emblem,
There lilies of the valley shake their bells ;
I know they are thy favorite fragile blossoms,
To them a little brook its story tells.

THE CRIMSON TREE.

I SAW a lovely crimson tree,
As fair and bright as it could be ;
'T was robed in coral's richest hue,
And bathed in floods of evening dew.

'T was standing out in full relief
Against the sky, had I a sheaf
Of its bright leaves, a cluster rare,
Each perfumed by the scented air,

I 'd twine it with the holly red
At Christmas time, and it would shed
Its lustrous radiance o'er our home
And from it may we never roam.

Wild vines were clustered 'round its stem,
Sweet perfumes floated forth from them ;
'T was like a ruby on the green,
The fairest that was ever seen.

A softened brilliancy did glow
Around its boughs, as if to throw
A diamond brightness all around.
With it the head was softly crowned.

But now farewell, thou rosy tree,
For I must cease my strain to thee !
Farewell ! I may not view thee more,
But thou wilt grace thy native shore.

SUNSET.

A FAIR and blushing rose 'mid purple jewels,
Is lingering soft along the golden sky ;
While seeming snow-white pearls around it cluster,
As if to form a radiant crown on high.

The brilliant stars now shed their gracious lustre,
While Luna, their fair Queen, throws forth her light ;
And all is still within that lovely valley,
Wrapt in the calm and shadow of the night.

The moonbeams as a silver track to Heaven,
Are glistening like bright dew-drops in the air.
Oh ! solitary is the quiet even,
When blossoms close their petals sweet and rare.

But now the sun's rays gild the distant hill tops,
The flowers awake and ope their dewy eyes ;
The lark begins his morning song of gladness,
While far away the dusk of evening flies.

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

THE mountain path was lone and drear,
The way it was so dark,
And all the birds had sought their nests,
And all was still, but hark !

A sudden chirping filled the air,
And roused the sleeping birds,
And every other living thing,
And e'en the drowsy herds.

Beside the wood there was a sea,
And a storm was raging wild
A little boat was sadly wrecked,
For two doves were beguiled

To make a voyage on the fair calm sea,
Where the glistening ripples flow,
And break upon the golden shore
Where careless breezes blow.

The birds they hastened to their aid,
With lamps and lanterns too,
And at the shore surveyed the scene,
Within the waters blue.*

Some graceful swans then lent their aid
And brought them safe to shore,
And took them to their own fair home,
Where they lived evermore.

FLOWERS.

See yon proud lily's lovely flower,
Rearing aloft its snowy head,
Standing alone, no beauteous bower
Shields its delicious perfumed bed.
Its stately grace and rarest sweetness,
Attracts the careless passer-by,
For 't is thy beauty and completeness
That wins for thee th' admiring eye.

The modest lily of the vale
Conceals its snowy trembling bells ;
Beneath the grass its flowerets pale
Emit sweet fragrance, that oft tells

* The storm was over, and the moon had come out.

Of their meek grace and simple whiteness,
That charm so many with its hue;
And when the sun shines forth in brightness,
He smiles upon the lilies too.

Bathed in pure dew and grace celestial,
We hail that queen of flowers, the rose,
Thou seem'st as if thou 'rt scarce terrestrial,
And while by thee the light breeze blows,
It fans thy blushing cheeks and ever
Wafteth thy fragrance far away,
But thou 'rt a fleeting gem, and never
Bloomest for more than one short day.

Robed in its draperies of rich moss,
Blooms the frail, delicate moss-rose,
Its silken leaves are soft as floss,
And by its side a bright stream flows,
That ripples o'er its rocky bed,
And whispers softly to the flower;
Each word was gay, and sweetly said
Unto the rose in her green bower.

A marvel of beauty now claimeth our praise,
'T is the dazzling and lofty japonica tree,
Its pure snowy bud in the careless breeze away,
What flower more lovely than this can there be?

The delicate pink ones are blooming and
smiling;
Their tints are like coral's most exquisite hue,
While the crimson look blushingly sweet and
beguiling,
And are bathed in a shower of cool evening
dew.

The magnolia so lovely, is growing beside
The silvery brook, that flows gurgling along,
And unto the white blossoms that droop o'er
its tide,
It sings a soft plashing and murmuring song.
A butterfly hides in the heart of the flower,
And nestles there, breathing the fragrant per-
fume
That attracts me unto its fair, green leafy bower,
That shelters the bud till it spreads in full
bloom.

The heartsease now grows in a tuft at my feet,
With its delicate blossoms of rich purple hue;
That breathe their faint perfume so soft and so
sweet,
And the bright amber tints that are mingled
with blue

In the other fair flowers that bloom 'mid the pansies.
And now of the birth of this name I will tell,
'Mongst plants there are often strange delicate fancies,
And in *pensée* (a thought) this new name now doth dwell.

The pale blue forget-me-not blooms in its bower,
Of emerald moss that conceals it from view ;
Some cloud must have fallen and touched thee with power,
To lend thee that purest and soft shade of blue.
The violet hides in its modest concealment,
While a bright pearly dew-drop shines on the pure white,
And now the dark purple 's exposed to revealment ;
But unto the violets, I 'll say good-night.

THE LAMENT OF THE SHELLS.

Oh ! how we long for the bright crystal ocean,
Whose bosom is decked with enchanting white foam ;
Whenever we think of it, 't is with emotion,
Ah ! if you but knew of our longing for home.

The glittering sand is begemmed with fair sea-weed,
And fishes float silently through the blue sea,
And when moonbeams shone on the silvery surface,
How happy, (and some said,) how lovely were we.

The fanciful boughs of the sea-plants are waving,
And gracefully curve with a delicate sweep,
Ah ! now for the scenes of our childhood we 're craving,
Oh ! let us go back to our home in the deep.

There pearl-shells are spangled like thousands of snow-drops,
And sea-weeds are mingled with corals' bright hue,

Its soft rosy tints are as fair as the waters,
While brilliant white spars contrast well with the blue.

A beautiful curtain of exquisite sea-weed,
Is waving around like a banner unfurled;
'T was woven by pretty and sweet little mermaids,
While bright-colored sea-moss was daintily curled

By more little sea-sprites whose light, airy laughter
Was softly re-echoed again all around,
From tall, rugged rocks rising high in the ocean,
That by beauteous sea-plants were loftily crowned.

The sand was besprinkled with polished white pebbles,
And when the sun's rays through the water glanced down,
'T was brilliant, as if a great illumination
Was thrown back by the crystals a radiant crown.

The glorious purple, and bright rosy scarlet
Was tinging the dawn with its soft blended hue,

And crowning the ocean which seemed a vast
mirror,
With a rainbow of colors so pure, and so true.

The great coral hills, whose wide curves were so
sweeping,
Were adorned by sea-lilies so graceful and fair;
While Venus' girdles were sailing so near them,
You could scarce tell the difference 'tween
rivals so rare.

When we left our dear home, the proud gorgeous
sea-nettles
Were gilding the waters, like bright molten gold,
And the sunset was building within the blue
heavens,
A lovely cloud-palace of beauty untold.

The starfishes sailed with a swift, easy motion,
And through the clear water their passage
would ply,
And now, they are floating within the blue
ocean,—
Whenever we think of them 't is with a sigh.

The fair sea-anemones feathery coronets
Were waving about o'er the rocks where they
grew,

And plashing the water, which made a soft murmur,
Until it would almost seem as if we flew

On the wings of impatience to our native birth-place,
Not one of our group even faintly can tell
Our love for our sweet and poetical element,
Ah! could we go back to it now!—but fare-well.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

A LIMPID sheet of azure crystal
Was seen on every side;
And on its breast a little gem-like Isle
Was there, and its soft, sweet, entrancing wile
Of wondrous beauty spreading far and wide.

Now on this Isle was an estate,
A lordly mansion with a noble park;
And a bright flower-garden its chief grace,
Filling with perfume that enchanting place.
And floating in the air a beauteous lark,

Singing so sweetly its harmonious lay,
That without dulness you could list all day,
Until at length he stoops t'wards the bright earth

Where every thing is playful ; and sweet mirth
Is reigning with its clear and cheery ray.

A thousand vines are falling from the trees,
And hang in rich festoons and draperies rare ;
And in the autumn, when their leaves shall turn
To brilliant crimson, which appears to burn,
And soft canary with its tints so fair,

They 'll spangle the soft moss with jewels bright,
And fall in showers upon its carpet sweet,
And sail so lightly with the laughing breeze,
Which bears them from their home upon the trees,
That it to sway their graceful forms is meet.

And now I see in a secure retreat,
Lined with soft moss, and sheltered by tall ferns,
Bright blushing berries swaying on their stem ;
And in a tree that 's growing near to them,
A little turtle-dove its lesson learns.

A merry Mocking-bird is perching near,
And pouring forth its sweet melodious strain ;
And as he sings, his soft, dark eye doth glance
At a wee brooklet, flowing like a trance,
He chants its praise again.

The gorgeous Tulip rears its splendid head,
Crowned by proud flowers of a sunny hue ;
Or like its setting when the sky is paved
With glorious purple and rich scarlet laved
In the cold wave of dark and shadowy blue.

And now I 'm straying in a rose-walk fair,
That leads you to a bower built of vines,
Where near it, screened by curving laurels sweet,
There stands a shy moss-rose tree which doth greet
With gratefulness the shade of the green pines.

A foaming waterfall is flowing near,
And dashing o'er the rocks in snow-white spray :
While every little while a tiny stream
That silently flows on, as in a dream,
Glides t'wards the cascade like a silver ray.

A sparkling fountain throws aloft its jets
Of silvery water, and of sunny spray,
And in a Water-Lily growing near
Rocked by the breeze which gently floateth here ;
Down in its pure white heart reclines a fay.

Her wings are tinted with the rainbow's hue
And gently blended with the fairest white.

Her rosy face, and airy form so frail,
Are a strange contrast to the floweret pale ;
Whose sweetest scent doth take its fragrant flight.

I 'm wandering in the vineyard's twisted paths,
That like a network cross and countercross,
Where the grapes of a deep, rich purple hue
Hang down in clusters like fair amethyst blue ;
And fall in showers upon the velvet moss.

A tuft of leaves is growing at my feet,
And sheltered by their canopy so green ;
A group of slender sprays whose snowy bells
Are loaded with rich fragrance, and it tells
Of their meek purity and modest mien.

Concealed within the grasses leafy bower,
A blushing violet hides its blossom fair,
While near a purple pansy's sweet perfume
Graces this lovely flower in full bloom,
And it is borne upon the summer air.

And now, farewell, thou beauteous garden bower,
Thou look'st so lovely in young sunny May ;
Although I 'm now unto my home returning,
My love for thee will be forever burning.
Farewell, retreat, where beauty holds her sway.

LINES TO GEMITA.

WARBLE thy liquid melodies, sweet bird,
Perching upon that lofty forest tree,
All other sounds are hushed when thou art heard;
Sweetest Gemita, sing again for me.

Thy soft, low tones are lovelier than the robin's,
From thy pure throat like lilies fair and white,
And while thy bright eye gazeth o'er the tree-top,
'T is dazzled by the radiant sunlight.

Thy tiny head like velvet black and glossy,
Is a deep contrast to thy neck of snow,
While the wind fans thy wings so gray and flossy
Thou 'rt ever gazing on the water's flow.

Thy mellow notes are charming, and thy trilling
Doth melt my soul when ere I pause to hear;
And all my thoughts thy beauty has been filling,
Lovely Gemita, thou to me art dear.

Thy coral beak is crimson like the rosebud,
And thy wee claws are robed in scarlet hue,
While in the early morn thou chirpest gladly,
Thou lov'st to gaze upon the sky so blue.

My charming pet, thy beauty so entrancing,
That I can never gaze on thee too long ;
While in the dewy morn far off thou 'rt glancing,
Mingling with joyous birds rings thy sweet song.

Gemita, in thy praise I tune my lyre,
My heart strings echo to thy beauty yet ;
My muse of poetry can soar no higher,
My darling ! never will I thee forget.

THE SUN.

HIGH overhead the brilliant sun was shining,
Amid the fleecy clouds of white and blue ;
Its golden rays tint each with silver lining,
Making them glitter with a dazzling hue.

THE STARS.

THE stars were brightly gleaming,
The silver moon was beaming,
Upon the ocean's azure breast,
Lying so tranquil and at rest.

THE CAPTIVE BIRD.

ALAS! how I sigh for the fields and the flowers,
And oh! how I long o'er the Hudson to fly,
I 'll come to you sometimes, if you 'll but release me,
Oh, let me fly up towards the beautiful sky.

From my gloomy prison I see silvery waters;
That dash, foam, and sparkle upon the soft strands;
And iron-clad steamers fly rapidly past me,
All merrily sailing to far distant lands.

From my mournful home I can see waving cornfields,
That dance about merrily with the light breeze,
And beautiful brooklets are everywhere glancing
From under the shade of the evergreen trees.

But here comes my mistress to give me some water;
She has left the door open. Oh, joy! I am free;
And now I can lightly fly over the meadows,
Or build a soft nest in some pretty green tree.

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

I FLOAT on the crest of the ocean wave,
And sport 'neath its snow-white foam,
Full many a cavern and coral cave
Has served for the mermaid's home.

I gather the sea-weed and weave a crown
That I twine in my glossy hair,
And while I am sailing now up, now down,
The sun shines on my diadem fair.

I slumber in grottos adorned with pearl shells,
With wreaths of white spar entwined,
Where the sea-lilies tinkle like delicate bells,
And Venus' girdles we find.

When the bright new moon o'er the water riseth,
And silvers the foam of each crystal wave,
While its lustrous rays the sea surpriseth,
By lending a golden crest to lave

In the sparkling ocean, in whose depths of wonder
The mermaid floats singing her sweet song;
And when seas rage, and skies rend with thunder,
I sail calmly, gently, and slowly along.

The stars now spangle the glassy ocean,
  Like thousands of diamonds from above,
As it lies still without sense or motion
  Its foam is as pure as a snow-white dove.

SUNRISE.

One blushing morning I awoke
  Before the peep of day,
'T was by the sea where white waves broke
Upon the sands with silvery stroke,
  And sounds so blithe and gay.

I rose, and from my lattice gazed
  Over the crystal sea;
But all at once I was amazed,
For red the whole horizon blazed
  Above the watery lea.

Then from the ocean's depth arose
  A flaming, fiery ball,
And while the water sports and flows,
The radiance ever brighter grows,
  And beameth over all.

Higher and higher it did climb
Into the sky so blue;
So swiftly flies the fleeting time
While listening to the wavelet's chime,
And watching the sunlight too.

WAVES.

THE white waves are breaking on Rockaway's shore;
Oft times I have heard them break on it before,
While their pure crests of foam bathe the sparkling gold sand,
I can fancy them roaring near some far-off land.

Some deck their fair summits with beautiful shells,
And sea-weeds and corals from wondrous dells
In the depths of the ocean, and sea-flowers, too,
With their delicate leaves of unchangeable blue.

And often sea-lilies, with leaves pearly white,
Are borne by the waves and left on the beach bright;
I saw one—'t was growing within a clear pool
Where the waters flowed o'er it so quiet and cool.

And then the star-fishes so rosy and glowing
With crimson, the sea zephyrs o'er them are blowing,
While their feathery rays from the centre diverging,
Are like scarlet vines from some crevice emerging.

When the waves from the ocean roll in, sadly breaking
On the shore, where the bright ripples peacefully flow,
They stir all my harp-strings, and tune them, while making
Their murmuring sobs as they wept long ago.

TO AUNTIE WITH "HAVERGAL FORGET-ME-NOTS."

DEAR Auntie, with this little gift
I send a greeting bright;
"Forget-me-nots" bloom o'er its leaves,
That are so dazzling white.

Oh! let them serve to bring to mind
The giver's name, "Lillie,"
And the sweet verses 'mid its buds
Remind thee but of me.

A PICTURE.

ALONG the face of a glassy lake,
United with a bright river,
Now a thousand ripples its surface break,
Travelling along as forever,
Is a beautiful swan, far, far whiter than snow,
Ever sailing upon the clear waters below.

ACROSTIC.

BRIGHT rivers, hills, and lofty rugged mountains,
On noble Scotland's surface high they stand ;
Now the winds sweep by sunny silvery fountains,
Now the waves dash upon the golden strand,
I view this scene so lovely and so rare ;
E'en beauteous flowers scent the fragrant air.

Down on the plains and in the forests spacious,
Under the trees the dun deer come to browse ;
Now as they bound along, they seem so gracious.
Down on the moss the fawns lie still and drowse,
Eve, with her glorious train of bright moon-beams,
Ever brings calm repose and lovely dreams.

ACROSTIC.

PURE lily with thy rich perfume,
On the lake's surface dost thou bloom ;
Now the wind fans thy fair white leaves,
Down in the field stand golden sheaves.
Like a fair snow-flake on the green,
I view thy robe, there ne'er was seen,
Lily so fair, so pure, so white,
Young buds are springing to the light.

THE BROOK.

A GURGLING silvery little brook
Is flowing in a shady nook,
That is by trace of man forsook,
This shady spot.

A transient lustre o'er it gleams,
A canopy of bright sunbeams,
And like a diadem it seems,
While a wee plot

Of wavy grass that grows beside
Its cooling, gushing, flowing tide,
Is mirrored on its surface wide,
This young spring grass.

A sunny field of verdant green
Is watered by bright springs unseen,
Their crystal course to glide between
The sheet of glass.

And the fair brook, whose robe so white,
Of pearly foam so dazzling white,
So like pure lilies clothed in light,
While vine-clad trees

Droop o'er a mossy flowery mound,
Which sheds sweet perfume all around ;
While the clear brooklet's murmuring sound
Is tuned by the breeze.

A little birdie builds her nest,
And folds her babies to her breast,
Where lies the tranquil stream at rest
By sunny leas.

SONG.

Oh ! let us float,
In our little boat,
To some lovely isle unknown ;
Where a brilliant star,
Shining from afar,
Will beam on us alone.

We 'll reach the shore,
Though the dark waves roar,
  And the angry winds may blow,
But from our home
We ne'er will roam,
  Though the breakers dash and flow.

Oh ! let us sail
With the summer gale,
  And the silken sail outspread,
While the rosy blush
Of the morn's still hush
  Is crowned by the sun so red.

We 've reached the land
With the coral strand,
  And the lovely, sunny vale,
Where the sweet perfume
Of the flowers that bloom
  Is wafted on the gale.

Wake, little girl !
The moon's bright pearl
  Is rising o'er the sea ;
Its silver light
Doth gild the night,
  Come, little child, with me.

THE SEA-GULL.

I AM a Sea-gull, glad and free,
O'er the waves tipped with foam,
And o'er the smiling watery lea,
We love in flocks to roam.

We hover o'er the gallant ships,
And as we swiftly glide,
One of our merry group now dips
Beneath the gushing tide,

Then shakes the diamonds from his plumes,
And soars once more on high,
While the bright sun the sea illumes,
And in the brilliant sky

Tints the soft clouds with colors fair,
Of crimson, purple, blue,
Which, fanned by the cool evening air,
In glorious masses flew ·

Forming a palace in the west,
Lovelier than those of kings,
While he sinks into it to rest,
A gleam falls on our wings,

And shines on them with lustrous glow,
But now the radiance fades,
While the sea-breezes softly blow,
O'er all fall evening shades.

And now I seek my little nest
Within some rocky place,
And there I take my peaceful rest
In my nestling's fond embrace.

THE EVENING STAR.

OVER the ocean's breast of moving crystal,
The sun was setting in a sea of flame,
Like some great golden swan with glorious wings,
Waving above the waters as it sank
Into the blue sea, tinting it with gold.
When suddenly among the brilliant clouds,
Topaz, and emerald, diamond, turquoise, pearl,
Displayed upon a field of azure blue,
The Evening Star looked down just where the gold
Had melted into purple, silver-fringed.
Serenely gazed she down into the sea,
Stirred by the night-breeze into rippling waves,

Within whose silver mirrors of white foam
She shone, her beauteous image multiplied,
While the soft murmurs of the twilight sea
Lulled her to rest within its cradling arms.
A snow-white sea-gull darted swiftly down,
And plunged into the waves, then soared aloft,
Shaking the diamond drops from his white wings,
On which the starlight fell until his plumes
Glistened, and gleamed, as if enriched with pearls
Silvered by the soft radiance of the star.
Sweet Hesperus ! from thy starry throne on high,
In the infinite regions of the space
Unfathomed, where the planets float in air,
Threading the mazy circles of their paths
Around their centres, while the fixèd stars
Shine like bright gems illuming other spheres,
Thou lookest down upon this troubled earth ;
Its petty turmoil, and its griefs, and cares,
Pitying and calm, an unpolluted world.

A SCENE ON THE BEACH.

THE radiant sun was setting 'mid roseate tints
and blue,
And a glittering golden cloudlet peeped through
the azure hue,

While a brilliant flaming crimson was dawning
in the west,
Where the sun was calmly sinking for the long
night's quiet rest.

A sunny, sparkling pathway upon the ocean's
breast
Of golden sunbeams, glittered upon each wave-
let's crest;
But, save that glistening sun-glade, the waters all
looked black,
And dark, and sad, and solemn, with no bright-
shining track.
And all the sky above it was wrapped in deepest
gloom,
And no fair, winning sunbeam its darkness did
illume.

The foaming waves were breaking upon the
silver sand
With a roar so loud and sullen as they boomed
upon the strand,
And a snowy sail was gleaming upon the waters
dim,
While in airy flights a sea-gull o'er the ocean
waves did skim.

When, suddenly, a rainbow sprang from the
waters wild,
And the dark clouds illumined with a glowing
radiance mild,
Like a lovely bow of promise and hope 'mid
troubles drear,
And the threatening clouds that lowered afar,
distinct and clear.

The graceful arch expanded, and yet more beau-
teous grew,
Of coral, pink, and purple, and even azure hue;
'T was reflected in the mirror of waters then so
bright,
And each tiny rippling wavelet was bathed in
its clear light.

The sea now shines and sparkles, as the rainbow
fades away,
And again the brilliant sunlight is reigning o'er
the day;
Save where the clouds yet lower, but e'en their
blackness seemed
Less gloomy since the rainbow amid the dark-
ness gleamed.

THE BROOK.

BENEATH the greenwood's leafy shade,
  Within the forest fair,
A brook flows on through many a glade,
  Fanned by the scented air.

I love to stand upon its brink,
  And watch each rippling wave,
The little birds that come to drink
  And their bright plumage lave.

The nimble squirrels, blithe and gay,
  Frisk lightly to and fro,
With bushy tails and fur coats gray,
  Beside the water's flow.

The timid rabbit, free but mild,
  Within her cosy home;
Below, the velvet moss so wild,
  Above, the sky's blue dome.

There blooms the wild-rose dainty pink,
  There blooms the gay hawthorn,
From whose recess the bobolink
  Chants in the dewy morn.

The merry thrush and singing lark
Build each their soft, warm nest;
Where, when the evening sky grows dark,
The baby birdies rest.

The butterflies with silken wings,
Painted with colors bright,
Flit to and fro, while robin sings
Bathed in the golden light.

The crystal stream winds gurgling on,
The minnows leap and flash!
Now in a moment all are gone,
Now through the water dash;

Now dart through clouds of snowy spray,
And wreaths of sunny foam,
No wonder that I love to stray,
And in the woodlands roam.

THE DESERT ISLE.

'T WAS a fair tropic land,
White waves dashed on the strand,
The silver strand strewn o'er with shells,
And sea-weed with its salt sea smells,
The glittering, sunny sand.

The fair and glowing isle
'Neath the sun's rays doth smile,
  Mantled in foliage rich and green,
  Tall palm-trees with their emerald sheen,
Whose cool shade doth beguile.

Flowers of gorgeous hue
Are bathed in silver dew,
  With silken robes of brilliant dye,
  Each vying with the sunset sky
Of scarlet, gold, and blue.

Amid the forest walks
The stately tiger stalks,
  And there the lion, king of beasts,
  In solitary grandeur feasts,
And there he, lonely, walks.

The beautiful peacocks,
Dwelling in gorgeous flocks,
  With plumage starred with jewels rare,
  With glossy, satin-lustre fair,
Like sunny, shining locks.

The tall and graceful deer,
Bound lightly there and here,

With branching antlers of defence,
Warning their many foes from thence
Beside the shining mere.

And then the little fawns
Upon the velvet lawns,
Crouching in slumber on the ground,
Or frisking with a graceful bound,
As roseate daylight dawns.

Exquisite butterflies,
With satin wings, whose dyes
Are of the rainbow's brilliant hues,
Crimson and purple, gold and blue,
Flit 'neath the smiling skies.

Ripe, rosy strawberries
Bloom gayly 'neath the trees,
Fair, blushing, coral ones there blow,
And spots of downy, flaky snow-
White buds sway in the breeze.

The lacy bracken ferns,
'Mid which the glow-worm burns,
In the thickets grow, where velvet moss
Carpets the ground as soft as floss,
A thrush its lesson learns.

And on the graceful palms,
'Mid air of soothing balms,
  Hang the rich dates of sober hue,
  And sunny gold bananas too
Amid those desert calms.

And oranges, whose dye,
Like to the sun on high,
  Droop 'mid the leaves like clear sunbeams,
  Are mirrored in the crystal streams
Blue as the summer sky.

A cool and shady cave,
Where little fountains lave,
  Hung with stalactites fair in hue,
  But chiefly Heaven's delicious blue,
Droop o'er each rippling wave.

But now the clear moonlight,
Soothing, and mild, and bright,
  Pours down in liquid silver beams,
  Dewy, and soft in melting streams,
All pure, and pearly white.

THE FLOWER ALPHABET.

A, AMARYLLIS, the emblem of "Pride,"
Of brilliant rose-color, that crimson is dyed,
As evening advances, a network of gold,
Spangled with diamond dew-drops, its leaves doth enfold.
Then, the frail Almond blossom, so silvery white,
Sheds a bright gleam of "Hope" on this life's stormy night,
While the tall, stately Amaranth, purple and gold,
"Immortality" breathes from each soft, silken fold.

B is a Bluebell, as clear as the sky,
"I am Constant," it whispers, with soft perfumed sigh,
While the green Bay-leaf murmurs with each fragrant breath
That the zephyrs steal from it, "I change but in death."
The bonny white Bridal-Wreath, light as a feather,
The delicate symbol of "Marriage and Love,"

And the sunny gold Buttercup, 'mid the rich heather,
It utters but one word, 't is "Wealth and not love."

C, a Camellia of dazzling white,
And radiant crimson, and rosy-pink bright.
"Perfect Loveliness" in its clear petals we trace,
While the polished green leaves veil each blossom with grace.
Next comes the Carnation, all scarlet and white,
That gratefully turns to the beaming sunlight,
On its breast lay a dew-drop, and softly it sighed:
"I 'm the delicate emblem of Beauty and Pride."

D is a Dew-plant, of rich purple hue,
It breathes softly of "Music," melodious, true;
It blooms in the East, and is stately and tall,
As it droops o'er the brink of a bright water-fall.
The Daisy says "Beauty and Innocence" sweet,
As it peeps shyly out from its leafy retreat;
It is white, pink, and yellow, and soft azure blue,
That beautiful color whose meaning is "True."

E is an Eglantine, roseate, fair,
That is daintily fanned by the cool evening air;

It murmurs of "Poetry," lovely, divine,
'T is a tall, glossy shrub, with pink flowers so fine,
Then the small Everlasting, with buds creamy white,
Blossoms wild in the fields, by the deep pond so bright.
"Thou art always remembered," it whispers so low,
That the sound is near lost in the calm water's flow.

F is a Fuchsia of coral and white,
That sways in the breeze with bells blushing and bright,
Of refined "Taste and Elegance" softly they chime,
And it floats on the zephyr like some fairy rhyme.
The azure Forget-me-not hides 'neath the grasses,
"True Love" is its motto, and by the wee brook
That flows gurgling on through its fair sunny passes,
In each rippling wavelet the blossom doth look.

G, a Geranium, white, cardinal, and pink,
Oak, Nutmeg, and Morning are species, I think.

The Lemon just pleads for a calm, "Tranquil Mind,"
And the Ivy foretells "Bridal Favors" so kind.
Scarlet sighs "Consolation"; Leaf-Silvered, "Recall,"
And the Rose, "Some are lovely, but Thou more than all."
The dainty fringed Gentian, of pure azure hue,
Murmurs soft, "Virgin Pride," from the mountains so blue.

H is a Hyacinth, graceful and fair,
Of rich pink, and sky blue, that sways in the cool air,
The delicate lilac, and pure snowy white,
Bloom in their gay bed 'neath the dazzling sunlight,
"Devoted attachment," the Heliotrope breathes,
With its exquisite fragrance, and pale purple wreaths.
From the fair Honeysuckle "Fidelity" rose.
From the Heartsease' pure bosom Divine Solace flows.

I is an Iris, with blue leaves that shine;
"A Message" it bears on its petals so fine.

The cold Ice-Plant freezes like keen cutting gale ;
Its petals are frosty, of rose-color pale.
The Ivory-Flower, so lovely and bright,
With its scent so delicious from cup pearly white.
And the exquisite Ivy with clustering sprays,
Soft sighs "Wedded Love" to the close of thy days.

J is a Jasmine in garden of taste,
"Amiability, Elegance," see interlaced.
And next comes the Jonquil, which airily sways
In the cool, shady grotto, where beam the sunrays.
"Affection returned" is its motto so true.
Jacob's Ladder low utters, "Come down to me, do."
It hides 'neath its canopy, verdant and green,
While the curtain so leafy its wee buds doth screen.

K is a Kingcup, with glossy gold tint,
On its gay yellow leaves the clear sunshine doth glint ;
"For Riches I long," it says, with a low sigh,
"Without them I languish, I droop, and I die."

A fair dew-drop lay in the heart of the flower,
And graciously smiled in the sun's brilliant rays,
It blossoms alone, in its cool, shady bower,
And lists to the nightingale's wild, thrilling lays.

L is a Lily, tall, stately, and white,
With curved satin leaves, and gold anthers so bright.
'T is the symbol of "Sweetness" and "Purity" too,
With its slim, graceful form, and its pure snowy hue.
The pure Valley-Lily, with small, fragile bells,
Is loaded with fragrance that perfumes the dells.
It breathes of "Humility," softly and low,
As it droops o'er the rill that beside it doth flow.

M is a Mignonette, wafting soft scent;
"Beauty mental and moral," it murmurs so sweet,
As it peeps shyly out from its green, leafy tent,
That its name ("Little Darling") doth for it seem meet.
The delicate Mallow, of gay pink and white,
Breathes "A sweet disposition," from foliage bright,

While the purple Mimosa from touch shrinks so shy.
"Love in absence," sighs Myrtie, with buds like the sky.*

N, a Nasturtion, in hue polished gold,
'T is an elegant vine, very showy I 'm told,
"Patriotism" and "Honor the Brave,"
It says as it bends in the cool quiet cave.
"Self-Love" and "Delusive Hope" Narcissus calls,
As it blooms in the shade of the high garden walls.
A snowy winged butterfly hovering here
Alit on the flower that bloomed very near.

O, Orange-Blossom that blooms on a tree,
'Mid the sunny gold-fruit that is lovely to see,
Of "Virginal Purity" gently it breathes,
'Mid the foliage green, with its sweet-scented wreaths.
"Beware," cries a tall Oleander, in flower
"I came as a warning, 'gainst folly each hour."
Its radiant blossoms are gazing on high,
Of colors so gorgeous, like rich sunset sky.

* I mean the white clouds, and not the blue sky.

P is a Pansy, of purple and gold,
Snow-white and amber, in each velvet fold;
"Thought," tender and pleasant, its name it doth tell,
For in "pensée," a thought, this new name now doth dwell.
In the strange Passion-Flower, that 's blossoming near,
Are the cross, crown of thorns, and the scourge, nails, and spear.
They are purple, blue, coral, wherever they dwell,
Of our Lord's death and passion this blossom doth tell.

Q is a Queen's Rocket, dainty and fair,
'T is the emblem of "Fashion," cooled by the soft air.
A glittering humming-bird, like wingèd gem,
Darted swiftly around the gay floweret's stem,
And poised in the air, by its pinions so bright,
That sparkled like jewels beneath the sunlight;
From the blossom's rich cup it sipped up the fresh dew,
That mirrored, in rainbows, the sunbeam's bright hue.

R is a Rosebud, all studded with dew,
It is the "Confession of Love," pure and true.
The elegant Blush Rose, so graceful and gay,
Peeps out from its curtains, so leafy and green;
While the bright crimson Damask, this sunshiny day
Softly says "Bashful Love," from behind its thick screen.
The exquisite Moss-Rose, with clustering leaves
Of "Beauty and Modesty" musically breathes.

S is a Snowball, so graceful and tall,
It has buds pearly white, berries, coral and small,
It directs all our thoughts to the "Heaven beyond,"
While the Snowy Syringa sighs "Memories," fond.
The azure blue Speedwell says softly "Speedwell."
The Bethlehem Star is the "Light of our path."
The Snowdrop so creamy, that blooms in the dell,
Offers sweet "Consolation," no other bud hath.

T is a Tulip, resplendent in hue,
Crimson, gold, and deep purple, and sapphire blue,

But no fragrance its glittering cup doth enfold ;
It whispers of "Vanity," gaily and bold.
The exquisite Tuberose, with buds white and pure
Speaks of "Dangerous Pleasures," for none can endure
Its o'erpowering fragrance, that faintness doth cause;
A nightingale sings 'mid the rich scarlet haws.

U Uvalaria, fragrant and wild ;
The busy bees visit this blithe forest child,
With tales of the garden so brilliant and gay,
Where the radiant blossoms their lives bloom away
'Mid flattering praises, by fountains so bright,
Till the flower exclaims, in a tone of delight :
"Ah, no ! from this greenwood I never will roam,
Nor desert, for false pleasures, my free mountain home."

V is a Violet, purple in hue,
Creamy white, and pale primrose, and Heaven's own blue ;
In its velvety buds "Simple Modesty" dwells,
As it blooms in its bower in cool mossy dells.
The brilliant Verbena, blue, lilac, pink, red,
"Sensibility" breathes in its bright garden bed.

The Vernal Grass says it is "Happy though Poor";
"Filial Love" Virgin's Bower wafts from its buds pure.

W, a gilt Wallflower blooming aloft;
"Faithfulness in Misfortune" it whispers so soft.
The graceful Wisteria, blooming beside,
Has pale purple blossoms, the honey-bee's pride.
The fair Water-Lily, so snowy and white,
Speaks of a "Pure Heart" with its perfume so light.
"Fraternal Love" whispers the glossy Woodbine,
On whose sweet-scented buds the clear sunbeam doth shine.

X stands for nothing, no flower doth grow
That begins with that letter, I very well know.
Alphabets all have Xerxes, and Xantippe too,
But in this case, unluckily, neither will do,
So X must apologize, and be struck out
Of the list, nameless letters cannot be about
In *this* poem, and so we'll leave X to his fate,
And return to the blossoms, ere it is too late.

Y is the Yew shrub, with foliage dark,
O'er whose gloomy top carols the blithe singing lark;
It tells us of "Anguish," and "Grief," and "Despair,"
As it mournfully blooms in the sunshiny air.
But if Yew speaks of sorrow, the Yarrow comes too,
With its "Cure for the Heartache," it bringeth to you;
It has little white blossoms, with stamens of gold,
Sweet "Comfort" is wafted from each silken fold.

Z is a Zinnia, of rich crimson dye;
"Your absence I mourn," it says with a low sigh.
A glittering butterfly, hovering here,
With soft silken wings, gayly painted, drew near,
It imbibed all the sweets from the flowerets cup,
On a petal bespangled with dew did it sup.
While the dusky twilight overshadows the dell,
All the Blossoms unite in a fragrant Farewell.

CHRISTMAS.

MERRY Christmas again is here,
With mirth, and joy, and all good cheer,
The earth is robed in a mantle of snow,
That fell from sky to the world below,
'T is as soft, and pure as a white dove's breast,
And it sparkles, and shines on the mountain's crest,
And it falls in bright flakes to the valley below,
Like fair, pearly jewels, the delicate snow.
And every heart leaps with gladness and joy,
And happiness seems without alloy,
And the red sun glows with a crimson dye,
On the groups of people hurrying by
Loaded with bundles, and parcels too,
Christmas gifts for their friends so true.
Happy children rosy and gay,
Return to their homes at the close of day
With merry games, and books, and toys,
Filling their young hearts with sweet joys.
But what is Christmas? is it a day
Only for pleasure, and balls so gay?
Is it only a time for sport, and mirth,
The festival of our Saviour's birth?

Ah, no! 't is a time that is holier far;
'T is the time when the beautiful Bethlehem star
Guided the wise men at dawn of day,
To the manger where the Infant lay.
Cradled in straw lay the lovely Child,
Of beauty angelic, and innocence mild;
Beside Him an ass and an ox gently slept,
While His holy parents watch by Him kept,
And the wondering shepherds knelt around
Outside on the hard and frozen ground,
And they brought through the midnight clear and cold,
For the Child, some lambkins from the fold.
And the brilliant star in the dark blue sky
Drew towards Bethlehem nearer, and still more nigh;
To the spot it conducted the three great kings,
Who brought to the babe many costly things,
Myrrh, and frankincense, and bright gold,
These were the gifts that the kings of old
Brought earth and Heaven's Saviour and King,
While angels their carols joyously sing.

THE MISTLETOE.

THE glittering, pearly berries,
That bloom on the mistletoe,
Are hanging in glossy clusters,
As white as the driven snow.

'Mid the leaves so dark and polished,
Of glowing emerald hue,
That are painted on the surface
Of the lake so calm and blue.

Among the swaying rushes,
And the tall and slender reeds,
The nest of the purple moor-hen
Is hidden by tangled weeds.

While the glassy surface is dotted
With water-lilies white,
Tipped with pale pink or yellow,
Those blossoms fair and bright.

While, from each dewy chalice,
The sweetest perfumes rise,
And borne on the cooling zephyr,
Are wafted to the skies.

The bluebirds are trilling gayly,
Up in the shady trees,
Their voices are ringing daily,
While they rock in the scented breeze.

THE HOLLY.

WITHIN the forests white with snows
The holly grows;
Blooming so gay, and fresh, and green
Amid cold winter's dazzling sheen.

The trees in winter's foliage clad,
Look bright and glad;
Long icicles hang from each spray,
And sparkle in the sun's glad ray.

Clusters of scarlet berries red
Hang overhead;
Amid the dark and glossy leaves,
Nature with emeralds interweaves.

The glowing coral's rosy hue,
And snowflakes too,
That rustle softly in the breeze,
Which sighs among the leafless trees.

When all without is white with snow,
The mistletoe,
With crimson holly berries twined,
Graces the dwellings of mankind.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

THE sky was a blue unclouded dome,
The moon was shining bright ;
The brilliant stars were glittering,
Like diamonds sparkling light ;
When, suddenly, a radiant gleam,
Brighter than sun or star,
And with a milder, softer glow,
Came beaming from afar.
And then, a lustrous ball of flame,
A star of beauty rare ;
Rose o'er the pale clouds silver rim,
And through the midnight air.
In the quiet darkness years ago,
It sparkled with strange unearthly glow,
The other stars, e'en the brilliant moon,
The glittering planet eclipsèd soon :
It dazzled with vivid and lustrous light,
At once soothing, shining, soft, and bright.

And it plainly moved in the azure sky,
And it drew towards Bethlehem still more nigh ;
Till at length it paused o'er a stable door ;
And shone as star never shone before ;
And there in a manger upon the hay,
The King of both earth and Heaven lay.

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

A ROBIN sang on a leafless bough,
(I can hear his merry carol now,)
For he said : " Here 's Christmas come again,
With peace on earth, good-will to men."

The snow around fell thick and fast,
And howled the bitter winter blast ;
But the robin sang his little lay,
And ushered in the Christmas Day.

Next morn the sun shone bright and clear,
On the gladdest day of all the year ;
And his kindly rays alike looked down,
Upon the country and the town.

He shone above the hills and dells,
And brightened up the shadowed fells,
And robin basked within its ray,
And sang again his Christmas lay.

TO GRANDMA.

ONCE more the merry Christmas,
Has dawned again on earth ;
Twined with mistletoe and holly,
To greet our Saviour's birth.

And in this happy season,
When every heart is glad,
And holy peace and comfort,
Are wafted to the sad ;

Oh ! then this little present,
With loving wishes take ;
'T is very, very simple,
But keep it for my sake.

TO AUNTIE.

THE merry Christmas tide
Is here again ;
And spreads so far and wide,
O'er earth's domain ;

And so this little gift
I trust may find
A greeting fond from thee;
The true and kind.

And on this happy day
When naught is drear,
I wish thee a Christmas gay;
And a glad New Year.

LINES TO SNOWBALL.

(A pet kitten to whom I am much attached.)

I HAVE a little pussy cat,
Soft and pretty, white and fat,
Full of frolic, fun, and play,
Frisking all the livelong day.
Eyes as bright as diamond star,
Softly gleaming from afar,
Velvet fur like mountain snow
By the frozen brooklet's flow
With a shining, silky gloss,
Fine and fair, and soft as floss.
Graceful every movement light,
Sparkling eyes so gay and bright,

Tapering, slender, curling tail,
Waving in the scented gale;
Teeth like pearls, as pure and bright,
Paws so soft, and smooth, and white.
Brisk and playful on the lawn,
Sporting like the pretty fawn,
As the sky grows pink at dawn.

THE OCEAN-BED.

BENEATH the surface of the sea,
Is a strange and lovely scene;
All on the bright and watery lea
Is peaceful and serene.
The ground is strewn with sparkling sand,
As pure as mountain snow
That glittering in the sunbeams bright,
That pierce the wavelet's flow.
'T is starred with fair sea flowers blue,
With silken fringe of azure hue,
As if, from out the upper air,
A bit of Heaven had fallen there.
Bright fish are darting swiftly by,
Like jewelled birds in azure sky,
Among the water weeds,

The sea grass swayeth to and fro
In the clear wavelet's rippling flow,
That bends the graceful reeds.
The Nautilus doth steer at will,
Upon the surface calm and still,
And with its rose and silver oars,
Plashes the waves near coral shores.

LAMENT.

THE foaming waves dash on the shore,
'Mid clouds of spray and ceaseless roar,
But I shall ne'er behold them more,
Alas, for me!

As sunny is the golden sand,
As when I last stood on the strand,
But I shall never see that land,
Alas, for me!

Crested with foam, and wreaths of spray,
Sparkling within the sun's bright ray,
The little rippling wavelets play
Beside the sea.

Beneath a dome of cloudless blue,
And the sun's rays of golden hue,
I sported, while the sea-breeze blew
Softly on me.

My heart was light as heart could be
While I was playing by the sea,
And filled with mirth and joyous glee,
That happy day.

No longer on the silver sand,
Watching the foaming waves I stand,
No! from that blessed, happy land,
I 'm far away.

No longer do I seek for shells,
Or wander through the wooded fells,
Or gather wild flowers in the dells,
This summer day.

No longer in fair Ocean Crest,
I watch the Inlet's liquid breast,
Lying so tranquil and at rest,
Alas, for me!

Or watch the ever-shifting sight,
Upon the beach so gay and bright,
And on the sands so silver white,
Beside the sea.

WISHES.

I WISH I was a lambkin,
  To skip upon the grass,
By the side of its white mother,
  Beside the stream of glass
Like a pearl of dazzling brightness
  Or a flake of driven snow,
Which in its stainless whiteness
  Fell from Heaven to earth below.

I wish I was a butterfly,
  With painted wings so gay,
Roving among the blossoms,
  From earliest peep of day,
And when the clouds of sunset,
  Within the western sky
Burn in their gorgeous splendor
  To flutter, droop, and die.

But still with all the pleasures,
  I should surely have were I
A bluebird, or a lambkin,
  A flower, or butterfly,
I could not have a loving home,

A Mamma good and kind,
Whose ever tender care of me,
Will bring her to my mind.

I could not read, or study,
Or brighten up a home,
Or do some deed of kindness,
Wherever I might roam
I could not lead a noble life,
And more than all the rest,
I could not go to Paradise,
Or lean on Jesus' breast.

THE FOREST.

An old and beautiful forest,
In Memory's glass I see
With lofty weeping willows
Shading the flowery lea.

Wavy masses of gold and jewels,
Bathed in the sun's bright rays,
The ground is flower-enamelled
Beneath its burning gaze.

The birds in the drooping branches
Carol a joyous strain,
They sway to and fro in the zephyr,
While the echoes ring again.

Butterfles swiftly are fluttering,
From blossom to blossom they go,
Their silken wings flash in the sunshine,
They are mirrored within the brook's flow.

Stately swans o'er its surface are gliding
Their white necks they proudly arch,
They dive in its depths so limpid,
And sail 'neath the bending larch.

A carpet of moss is spreading,
Over ground, and rock, and tree,
Like a drapery of green velvet,
As soft as soft can be.

IN FOREST AND FIELD.

A SHADY path, where lofty trees
Drooped low their boughs so green,
Between whose foliage sunny leas,
Could here and there be seen,

Wound deep into a forest wild,
Whose lonely, fern-decked glades
Cooled by the woodland air so mild
Sheltered within their shades ;

A graceful deer, and gay young fawn,
Who sport in nimble glee
When the first roseate tints of dawn
Smile o'er the flowery lea.

The sky was clear and azure blue,
Spotted with pink and white,
Like roses on that color true
So airy and so light.

The soft grass looked like velvet green,
Spangled with diamond dew,
That glittered with a dazzling sheen,
And sunny, sparkling hue.

Tall ferns were rocking to and fro,
Within the sea-brèeze cool,
And there, with sunlight all aglow
Was a little, rippling pool.

Wild water-lilies snowy white
Float on the water calm,

Tipped with pale pink, or yellow bright,
While like soft, soothing balm.

Delicious scent is wafted up,
On Zephyr's cooling wings ;
From out each dainty pearly cup,
While soft the Bluebird sings.

PUSSY'S STORY.

I AM a pussy so furry and fat,
Most people think me a very nice cat,
With my soft velvet coat, and my satiny paws,
You never would think that I had any claws.
I 'll tell you my story : I first saw the day,
Towards the close of the spring-time, the middle of May.
It was in the heart of a great noisy city,
(Such a place for the home of a poor little kitty !)
But I was as happy as happy could be,
In a pretty green yard 'neath a wide-spreading tree.
There was plenty of room for us kittens to play,
And we sported, and frolicked, the whole live-long day,

While our mamma looked on, and would sometimes join in
When we played "hide and seek," or "pee-paw-paddy pin."
But, alas! when I woke up one terrible day,
I was from my happy home taken away,
Far away; so I never again could return
To the shady green yard, or the tree, or the fern.
I was put in a basket, with plenty of straw,
And the cover shut tight, so that I never saw
Which way I was going, till I was put down
In a street, in the heart of the noisy old town.
And then I, a poor baby, was left all alone,
Where I might cry my heart out, unnoticed, unknown.
Great wagons rolled on with a terrible noise,
And by me trooped dozens of very bad boys,
Who pulled my tail, pinched me, and at me threw stones,
Till I thought they would break all my poor little bones.
But at last I escaped, and arrived at a spot
Which here, in the city, is called "vacant lot";
I crept through the fence, and lay down 'neath a tree,
The one haven of refuge, near by, I could see.

Bruised, hungry, exhausted, I then fell asleep,
Until I was waked by the sparrows' soft peep,
And I saw the sun gilding the far eastern sky;
I thought that of hunger and cold I should die.
But I had no nice breakfast of milk, warm and white,
No dear mamma to shelter me through the dark night,
No kind little sister who with me would play;
No, from them, alas, I was far, far away,
Till exhausted I sank on the greensward again,
When I thought of dear mamma my tears fell like rain,
My cries rent the air, they were piercingly loud,
But who would attend to them in that great crowd?
So, weary, I sank on the soft grass once more,
None would take the poor wandering puss in their door.
At last by a kind little girl I was seen,
As, white as a snowflake, I lay on the green.
"Why, what are you doing, poor baby?" she cried;
"If I had not seen you, you surely had died."
She lifted me up in her arms as she spoke,
And wrapped me up well in her warm little cloak,

Then she quickly ran on, till she came to a street
Very pretty and shady with cottages neat.
At the prettiest one, with green vines mantled o'er,
She entered the gate, and then knocked at the door.
"Dear Mamma," she cried, "only see what I found
In a damp vacant lot, lying on the cold ground,
This lovely white kitty with sparkling blue eyes,
I think it is hungry, just hear how it cries!
Oh, may I not keep it? dear Mamma, say yes,
What your answer will be I am sure I can guess."
"My love, you may keep your wee newly found treasure,
I always am ready to give you some pleasure,
For you never are naughty, or saucy, or rude,
But always affectionate, dutiful, good."
Need I tell you the history of every day
In this warm, happy home, where I frolic and play,
Until in the evening I took a snug nap,
Fatigued by my play in my mistress' lap.
Time passed, and I grew to a beautiful cat,
But my mistress' fondness increased for all that,

And I now lived as happy as happy could be,
In a pretty green garden, beneath a tall tree.
One evening, the house was locked up for the night,
And we all went to bed till the morning so bright,
When all of a sudden, at midnight, I woke ;
Through the room rolled a terrible volume of smoke,
With bright tongues of flame flashing out here and there,
And clouds of hot cinders that darkened the air.
My first thought was my mistress, would she come to harm ?
In a moment, I knew I must give the alarm.
No sound could be heard save the fire's fierce roar,
The hot flames came nearer, I flew towards the door,
But, alas, the great fire had burned it quite through,
If I could not escape what on earth should I do ?
I sprang to the window, and broke through the pane,
I could breathe the fresh air of the midnight again.

Then I silently crept to the front of the house ;
Though the fire I feared, I was still as a mouse.
I climbed up the vine to the high window pane,
With a bound I broke through the hard casement again.
I sprang on the bed, and the sleepers awoke,
They were stupefied by the dense column of smoke,
But my sharp teeth aroused them ; the fire still raved,
But when I saw the engines, I knew we were saved.
No need to relate all that terrible night,
With the fire they had a most desperate fight.
But, at last 't was extinguished ; my mistress and I
Went to a kind neighbor whose house was near by.
I was dreadfully burnt, though my mistress was safe.
Oh, how kindly she tended the little stray waif !
They petted and cared for me day after day,
Till I grew " convalescent "—I heard people say.
They fed and watched over me while I was ill.
My mistress, in tones of a pure mountain rill
(That ripples so sweetly o'er its rocky bed),
Would sing to me, fan me, or bathe my hot head.

One day, she was out; when she came home she said,
As she gently caressed me and patted my head:
"To-day I have brought some companions for you,
A cat and her kittie, so you will have two,
You might like a friend of your own kind, I thought,
So these pretty pussies for you I have brought."
She opened a basket, and out they both sprung:
One, a dignified pussie, the other quite young.
But I scarce could believe or my eyes or my ear,
That I saw my own mamma and sister so dear.
You may guess that our meeting was joyful enough;
I was kissed and caressed by my dear sister Fluff,
And mamma wept tears, of pure pleasure alone.
My pain was forgotten, and I ceased to moan,
While my mistress stood watching in joyful surprise;
Though she smiled I could see there were tears in her eyes.
Our cottage was burned, (it was all built of wood,)
In its place a far handsomer mansion there stood,
And my dear little mistress came in one bright day,

And bade us pack up—we were going away,
To live far away in the bonny countrie,
In lovely Far Rockaway by the blue sea.
Our cottage was built in the wide "Ocean Crest"
And looked o'er the Inlet upon the sea's breast;
'T was embowered with roses of gay pink and white,
While ivy and woodbine bloomed in the sunlight.
I will finish my story, and bid you adieu,
Hoping soon again, however, to meet with you.
In the meantime, I sign myself,
"SNOWBALL PURRMEW."

SNOW.

YESTERDAY evening, the beautiful snow,
Fluttered from clouds to the world below,
Like a mantle of swan's-down, pure and white,
In the silence of the winter night.

Like feathers the downy snow-flakes flew,
Or little birds of pearly hue,
Hither and thither they flutter; now
Alighting on some leafless bough.

Or on some delicate, slender spray,
As they floated down, from the clouds so gray,
Scarce bending the blades of sere, dry grass,
Scarce ruffling the brooklet's sheet of glass.

They noiselessly lit on roof and wall,
And threw a white cloak over all;
The bare, dry branches, of the trees,
Rustling slightly in every breeze,

Were robed in winter's foliage bright,
And every twig was ridged with white.
The largest boughs were bending low,
Beneath a heavy weight of snow;

The shingled roofs of porch and door,
With sheets of marble covered o'er,
The garden walks, with marble white,
Were paved, so glittering and bright.

Upon the cedar trees so green,
Lay the soft snow, with sparkling sheen,
Like masses of flowers, large and white,
That blossomed in the silent night.

Long icicles, like silver wands,
Hung from the steep banks of the ponds,

And every window, roof, and door
A silver lambrequin hung o'er.

The frozen brooklet's icy flow
Was banked on either side with snow,
That lay upon its glassy breast,
Like to a flock of doves at rest.

Cold winter now again is here,
The frosty season of the year;
But he is welcome, for, you know,
He brings with him the spotless snow.

He showers it on the trees so green,
He covers the pond with icy sheen,
And Christmas comes while he is here,
The gladdest day of all the year;

And New Year follows, and so you see,
'T is the merriest season that can be,
Spite of the frost, the snow, the cold,
Winter is welcome as of old.

THE RED-BIRD.

THE red-bird whistles on the spray,
I see his scarlet breast so gay,
Gleaming among the branches green,
Now frosted with a dazzling sheen.

The sun has set o'er yonder hill,
And all around is calm and still,
Save for the little rippling brook
That flows within a quiet nook.

But hark ! what sound disturbs the air ?
Not the light foot-fall of the hare,
Nor the faint sighing of the breeze,
Bending the branches of the trees.

But 't is a whistle, sweet, and clear,
Mellow and soft, falls on my ear,
It is a red-bird on a spray,
With scarlet plumage bright and gay.

With sparkling eyes and crimson crest,
Which matches well his ruby breast ;
Upon that bough he sits and sings,
The frost falls lightly on his wings.

His silvery tones float far and wide,
Above the earth, this Christmas-tide ;
At last he rises from his spray,
Through the blue ether soars away,
Yet his sweet notes he leaves behind
To echo on the wintry wind.

TO AN OWL.

Owl, you 're a very queer-looking bird,
As you sit on that limb, never saying a word,
Staring, with your enormous eyes,
Straight at me with a fixed surprise.
What do you do when the light of day
Is gone, and the birds are hid away
In their cosy nests, on some leafy bough ?
Tell me, owlie, where goest thou ?
Where do you hide yourself away
Until the brilliant light of day
Has sunk behind the lofty hills,
And naught is heard but tinkling rills,
And the noisy whir of beetle and bat—
What do you do at times like that ?
The sweet-voiced nightingale sits and sings,
With the night dew falling upon his wings,

Which glisten in the pale moon's ray,
As he sits and sings on a hawthorn spray ;
Do you listen, owlie, to each sweet note
That he pours forth from his mellow throat ?
Perhaps you are jealous of his sweet voice,
And in his downfall would rejoice ;
Perhaps, in some crumbling old church tower,
You sit at midnight's lonely hour,
Listening, with bated breath, to hear
The voice of the owl you hold most dear.
Or, perhaps, you have a cosy nest,
Where, in safety, the little eggs may rest.
Or a little brood of downy owls,
Who sit and hark to the watch-dog's howls,
That, far below, upon the ground,
Alone disturbs the silence 'round.
With great round eyes, and feathers soft,
As in their warm nest perched aloft,
In some high tower or noble tree,
They perk their little heads out to see
The landscape, flooded with moonlight,
Which streams upon the houses white.
Happy owl ! to have such a home.
From it, perhaps, you never roam.

THE SWAN.

My lovely swan ! thy proud neck arch,
Or float beneath the bending larch,
Upon the lake so still.
Across its bosom slowly glide,
Or rest upon the sloping side,
Of yonder purple hill.

Its shadow on the water-flow,
The sleeping golden sunbeams throw ;
'T is mirrored in the calm
Of the clear, azure, rippling tide ;
A cool breeze stirs its surface wide,
Like breath of soothing balm.

Thy plumage glossy, white, and fair,
Ruffled by softly scented air,
And white as driven snow,
Is gilded by the gay sunbeams
That downward pour in golden streams
Upon the lake below.

My lovely swan ! within the shade
Of cool and flower-enamelled glade
Thou takest thy repose ;

Thou spread'st thy white wings by the side
Of the still lake, whose sapphire tide
Beneath the branches flows.

The liquid turquoise of its hue
Reflects thy form in depths of blue,
And plumage pure and white ;
Thy graceful shape, and movements slow
Across its bosom's crystal flow
Are a most lovely sight.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

One night, a great many years ago,
When all the ground was covered with snow,
That glittered in the faint starlight
Like a stainless robe of spotless white,
A humble pair pursued their way
In the evening shades so dark and gray,
Far from the city, now so still,
From stately Bethlehem on the hill,
Over a spreading pasture wide,
To a wretched cave on the other side ;
A sort of cavern among the rocks,
And vacant, save for an ass and ox

Calmly chewing their grass and hay
By the faint light of a lantern's ray.
Then entered in that holy pair:
One was a maiden wondrous fair;
She knelt down, 'mid the rustling hay,
And, with clasped hands, began to pray,
But, see! what lies in the manger there?
'T is the Heavenly Child, so dazzling fair.
With angel voices the stone walls ring,
And hail Him as their Infant King.

THE MISTLETOE.

THE mistletoe with berries white,
And polished leaves so green and bright
Amid the forest drear,
Where leafless branches bending low,
Beneath their winter robe of snow,
Say Christmas time is near.

Long icicles so silver bright,
Hang from the boughs so bare and white,
Like fringe of jewels rare,
They sparkle in the sun's glad ray
Like crystal pendants flashing gay,
And swaying in the air.

And every leaf and twig and spray
Of emerald green so bright and gay
Of the young mistletoe,
Each twig and sprig, the berries too
In clusters of a pearly hue,
Were robed in spotless snow.

Around the stately elm and oak,
Enveloped in a snowy cloak,
Adorned by many a gem,
The mistletoe its tendrils flings,
And fondly to the branches clings,
And wreathes around the stem.

The holly tree's fresh, glossy leaves,
And coral berries interweaves
With the green mistletoe,
Adorning many a Christmas hall,
Though hail and sleet outside doth fall,
With flakes of stainless snow.

The Christmas tree ablaze with light,
Decked out with fruit and flowers bright,
With nuts and candies too,—
The mistletoe smiles on the scene,
Its snowy fruit, 'mid foliage green,
With crimson holly too.

PUSSY.

Pussy purred by the parlor fire,
She had every thing she could desire,—
A plate of chicken, a saucer of cream,
A velvet cushion, on which to dream
And doze the languid hours away;
A satin ribbon, so smooth and gay,
And a golden bell around her neck;
On her snowy coat not a single speck
Of dust was ever allowed to remain,
Lest the smooth surface it might stain;
On a satin sofa she could lie,
Or sun herself 'neath a tranquil sky,
On a verdant lawn where the dewy grass
Formed a carpet green, for her to pass.
Through handsome parlors she strolled at will;
In winter, for fear the cold might kill,
She stayed in-doors, by the fireside warm,
Lest she be frozen in the storm.
And now her happiness seems complete:
Two baby kittens, soft and sweet,
Tumbled around her in their play,
White as snowflakes, and bright and gay,
The dearest mites that ever you saw,

Trying *so* hard, with each little claw
Hid in the tiny velvet paw,
To tickle mamma, who fondly eyes
Her kittens with maternal pride.
One beautiful, balmy, sunny day,
Fair and fine in the month of May,
Puss and her kits for a walk went out,
Not dreaming of what was prowling about.
When suddenly, a great hawk swooped down,
With gleaming eyes, and feathers brown;
He pounced on poor little frightened Snow,
And was rising from the ground, but no!
Puss sprang upon him with teeth and claws,
Resolved to maintain to the end her cause.
A long and obstinate fight ensued,
For neither one would be subdued;
But valiant puss the battle won,
And left the enemy dead in the sun.
Poor pussy was hurt, and wounded too;
But as the hawk breathed his last, she flew
To comfort her poor little frightened mew,
Who nestled, trembling, 'tween mamma's paws:
"Weet mamma, I 'd have been dead betause
Zat sing would have eat me but for you;
How sall I zank 'ou, mamma mew?"

MOOLEY.

PRETTY brown cow, with your large lustrous eyes,
Gazing so tranquilly up at the skies,
What are you thinking of, Mooley-cow, say?
Of your warm stable, and plenty of hay?

Or of the slope of the sunny green hill,
Of the spring in the hollow, and of its cool rill?
Or of high grassy banks, verdant and green,
Of the glittering creek, with its sparkle and sheen?

Or do you think of the frost on the hill,
In the gray morning, when all is so still?
Of the fringe of white lace on the boughs of the trees,
Whose bare branches rustle in every breeze?

Or of the dew lying thick on the grass,
Like thousands of diamonds, whenever you pass,
Or the song of the birds in the gray of the morn,

Or the summer winds sighing so soft 'mid the corn?

Or of the pretty pink cloudlets so bright,
Tinged with the setting sun's radiant light?
Or, perhaps, of the boughs of the evergreen pine?
Or of daisies, and clover, and buttercups fine?

Or, perhaps, of the moon, like a great silver shield,
Shining so brightly o'er forest and field?
Of the blue dome of Heaven, all spangled with stars,
Of beautiful Venus, or fiery Mars?

No, Mooley, I certainly never shall know
Whether your thoughts are above or below;
Whether you really are thinking at all,
Of grasses, and flowers, and of your warm stall,

Here are some apples, come eat from my hand,
Come to the fence, and there quietly stand,
While I feed you with ripe, juicy apples so red,
And then fasten you up in your warmly thatched shed.

THE SNOWBIRDS.

DEAR little snowbirds,
With feathers so gray,
And shining black eyes,
So sparkling and gay.
Always merry and blithe,
Always happy and sweet,
As they patter about
On their little bare feet.
Chirping and singing,
So cheerful and glad.
Never fretful or cross,
Never angry or sad,
With good feather coats
To keep them so warm,
They are not afraid
To be out in the storm.
On the hard white drifts
Of frozen snow,
Or by the streams
Which frozen, flow ;
Always merry
And blithe and free,
Fluttering around

In some leafless tree ;
Swinging lightly
On every spray,
Smoothing their feathers
So soft and gray.
Bright little things,
With their sparkling eyes
Glancing now
At the winter skies ;
Now at the earth,
With its robe of white ;
Or the ice-clad rivers,
Glittering bright.
Always good-tempered,
They never fight ;
They are nice and good,
From morn till night,
Singing and chirping
Day after day,
They might teach us a lesson
In every way.

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SOLITUDE.

ALONE and motionless I stand,
Upon the glittering golden sand;
Watching the wavelet's ceaseless flow,
Breaking upon the beach of snow.
From out a dome of cloudless blue,
The sun shines down, its brilliant hue
Reflected on the waters bright,
In a long track of Heavenly light.
The rippling murmur of the sea
Is borne from o'er the watery lea.
The flowing tide's unruffled calm,
The salt sea air of soothing balm,
Alone disturbs the silence still,
Far softer than the tinkling rill.

LINES ON A BABY'S PORTRAIT.

THERE she sits on her little bed,
The dark curls clustering 'round her head,
Her soft hands clasped—her dimpled arms
Folded, half hiding her white neck's charms;
And the liquid depths of her great brown eyes

Fixed, with a solemn, sweet surprise,
On something above her in the air.
What candor and innocence lie there,
Half hid in those wondering crystal deeps ;
In their amber wells what sweetness sleeps ;
And her little bosom as soft and white
As a dove's breast, silvered by pale moonlight ;
And her creamy skin, so smooth and fair,
So pliant and soft, like a rose leaf rare,
Rivalling the gleaming ocean pearl
For whiteness, save where a silken curl
Falls over the brow of the baby girl.

And where, in her cheeks, the roses blow,
Their damask buds in the midst of snow,
Sweet baby, those wondering, wistful eyes,
Filled with a solemn, sweet surprise,
May, alas ! in after years
Grow dark with sorrow, and wet with tears.
Many a time those little hands
May grasp at treacherous, yielding sands.
Dear little one, in the tide of years,
Whatever may be thy doubts and fears,
In the midst of sorrow, pain, and grief,
One thing only can bring relief.
Prayer, earnest prayer, from thy very heart,
That only can make thy griefs depart.

May thy guardian angel ever abide,
To keep thee safely, and guard and guide.
And when thy sun sets, may'st thou, sweet dove,
Be wafted by Him to thy home above,
To endless joy, and peace and love.

LINES TO THE SACRED HEART.

Oh, sacred Heart! inflamed with love
Divine for all mankind;
Crowned with a burning cross above,
With wreath of thorns entwined.

Pierced by a spear upon the cross;
A rushing crimson flood
Pours forth to cleanse us from our sins,
Of thy most precious blood.

Oh! let us wash our sins away,
With that all-cleansing tide:
At Jesus' Feet our burdens lay,
And in His Sacred Side

Forget our sorrows, griefs, and cares,
Within that refuge sweet;
Or bathe with our repentant tears,
The Saviour's sacred Feet.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

'T WAS Christmas Eve not long ago,
In a large and busy town ;
The ground was covered o'er with snow,
The stars beamed softly down.
The brilliant shops were full of toys,
The streets were thronged with girls and boys
All seemed to taste the Christmas joys
As the shining stars looked down.

But in a dark and lonely street,
Far away from the hurrying throng,
Was a poor little child with bare, white feet
Singing a little Christmas song.
Cold blew the blast upon her form,
As she cowered shivering in the storm,
Looking in at the firesides warm,
As she sang the little Christmas song.

It was a tale of the dear Christ-Child
Who was in a stable born,
And as she sang she faintly smiled,
That little one forlorn ;
" I wish the Christ-Child would come to me,

I wish I could have a Christmas tree,
I wish I had some one to love me,"
  Sobbed the little one forlorn.

She wandered out of the lonely street,
  In the midst of the happy, hurrying crowd,
She pattered along with her little feet,
  Her weeping drowned by laughter loud ;
She looked in lighted windows gay
Saw games and toys in bright array,
And many a happy child at play,
  From the midst of the busy crowd.

Poor little Gretchen ! she had come
  Not long ago from her father-land ;
To make in the strange new world her home,
  Far from the vale where the mountains stand ;
But her parents died, she was left to roam
Far from her happy Rhineland home,
Away across the blue sea foam,
  Away in a foreign land.

Drowsy, and hungry, and numb with cold,
  Her little song fainter grew,
And she nestled down in a corner cold,
  And closed her eyes so blue ;
And there she lay with her flaxen hair,

And her little feet so white and bare,
Shivering in the midnight air,
That keenly upon her blew.

She did not know she fell asleep,
She thought that she had "passed on,"
She felt the hours onward creep
Near, and more near, to dawn.
She heard the great clock's heavy chime,
Wearily mark the flight of time,
And the early church-bells' morning chime,
In the misty light of dawn.

She thought she came to an open door,
Within, a faint light shone ;
She pushed it open a little more,
And gazed the scene upon :
There, in a manger on the straw,
The dear Christ-Child she thought she saw,
Fanned by the air cold, damp, and raw,
That on his form had blown.

An ox and ass were standing near,
Their large and lustrous eyes,
As they gazed on the Child in the cradle here,
Were full of a strange surprise.

The Babe smiled sweetly from His bed
On the wanderer, who would fain have fled
Back to her dark and wretched shed ;
  Frightened, she closed her eyes.

"Come hither," the Christ-Child sweetly said,
  "Come hither, my child, to Me,
Thou shalt not return to thy gloomy shed,"
  (Here she sank on her bended knee,)
"Thou shalt come with Me to My Father's land,
In His presence thou shalt ever stand,
Among His lambs on His right hand
  Beside the crystal sea."

Upon the golden cloud upborne,
  With troops of angels hovering 'round,
The Infant reached the child forlorn ;
  And gently raised her from the ground.
He clasped her closely to His breast,
A feeling of sweet peace and rest
Stole o'er her, as the angels blest
  Hovered her form around.

They floated upward through the air,
  On fleecy clouds so white,
Far, far below, the world so bare,
  Lay wrapped in misty light ;
The gates celestial opened wide

At their approach, they on a tide
Of gushing melody did glide,
  Through gates of pearly white.

Next morn the lifeless form was found
  Stretched out upon the snowy ground ;
The song was frozen on her lips,
  Still red the dainty finger-tips,
A bright smile rested on her face,
(A ray from her glad dwelling-place,)
With the Christ-Child her home would be,
  Now, and for all eternity.

WINTER.

Now winter is here,
And the cold of the air
  Grows more keen,
And the fields, now so white,
Lose their flowers so bright,
  And their green.

The ice and the snow,
By the clear brooklet's flow,
  Lie in drifts ;
Till the coming of spring,
When the little birds sing
  In the deep mountain rifts.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

I SIT by the open window,
In the quiet country town,
While from the gray clouds above me
The snow-flakes flutter down.

The lofty cedar is bending
Under the weight of snow,
Its plumy boughs are waving
Silently to and fro.

The fences are turned to marble,
The bare, brown earth is white
With its robe of feathery snow-flakes,
Falling so soft and light.

The breeze 'mong the whitened branches
Sighs dreamily and low,
And the distant hills are hidden
In a mighty veil of snow.

The cold, clear air of winter
Is fanning my heated brow,
And my own dear home far distant
Rises before me now.

I think of my loved ones sadly ;
But do they think of me,
Do they give one thought to the wanderer
Beyond the stormy sea ?

Ah, yes ! I am ever followed
By their thoughts, and blessings, and prayers ;
For me are all their wishes,
For me are all their cares.

So while the snow is falling,
Veiling the cedar tree,
Sweet home, may each snow-flake drifting
Bring me a thought of thee !

TO A COW AND CALF.

Pretty cow, in meadows green,
Where a brook with silver sheen
Wanders on among the grass,
Do you your existence pass ?
Down where the green alder grows,
With your pretty little pet,
With her coat as black as sloes,
Large dark eyes like liquid jet,
There you browse, the livelong day ;

When the sun at noon is high,
To the shade you find your way,
Down in the long grass you lie.
And your pretty, timid calf
Nestles by your silky side,
To be safe from every harm,
In the sultry morning-tide.
When the sun is in the west,
Casting long, cool shadows down,
Then again you take your rest
Near the outskirts of the town.
In the quiet village streets
You may roam the livelong day,
With your pretty calf beside,
Cropping grass the livelong way,
Small your horns, and large your eyes,
Black your coat is, as a sloe,
With long white silk stockings on,
Just to contrast well you know.
And your baby is the same,
Just as black and smooth as you,
Just the same large, gentle eyes,
And the same white stockings too.
Pretty Mooley, may you live
From the city's roar afar ;
And your baby grow to be
Just as handsome as you are.

TO AUNTIE.

DEAR Auntie Lina, you are sad,
I know the reason why;
I know what makes you lie awake,
And why you often cry.
Because one dear one, of our home,
Has left this world of care,
And is, within her Heavenly home,
An angel bright and fair.
And other troubles press on you,
And weigh your spirit down,
But, Auntie dear, remember this,
Which says: "No cross, no crown."
So be content to dwell awhile
In this world dark and cold,
Till the good Shepherd gathers you
Into his Heavenly fold.

THE LAMENT OF A SOUL IN PURGATORY.

COULD I but soar to the fair court of Heaven,
Where every thing is lighted by the Lamb,
Ah, could I but escape from where I am!
A thousand joys would then to me be given.

A sunny robe, of pure and lustrous whiteness,
  Is waiting for me in the realms above ;
  And my poor heart 's inflamed with ardent love ;
I shall be clothed in soft and radiant brightness.

While Jesus' Sacred Heart will shine so bright,
  That I can bow myself before His throne ;
  And pray for souls so desolate and lone ;
That live on earth in one long dreary night.

Ah, Mary ! when thou open'st the Heavenly gates,
  And glidest in these regions dark and drear ;
  Think of a sinner who is pining here,
And weeping o'er its saddest of sad fates.

My heart is flowing with sweet, true affection,
  And while on bended knee I am expressing
  A prayer to God, for souls on earth a blessing,
I think of them with tender recollection.

My wish for Home is a most ardent longing ;
  And when I 'm singing in the streets of gold,
  My wondrous love can only then be told
To Christ and angels, who will there be thronging.

Ah, could my Saviour, in His tender love,
Let me flee to Him in the realms of light;
Where angels float in groups so fair and bright,
While o'er them shines the pure and holy Dove.

Sweet Mother! standing by the great "White Throne,"
Take pity on a poor and sinful sheep,
That in its gloomy prison oft doth weep,
For I am left in darkness and alone.

Bright Heaven, with its saintly martyrs kneeling
In their white robes, near angels clad in gold;
They love Christ more than we can e'er be told,
And my affection I am now revealing.

Ah! glorious All Souls Day, it is returning!
See holy Mary's radiant sunlit crown;
To these dark regions she has now come down;
She beckons me, oh, how my love is burning!